THE

CANADIAN

ORANGE MINSTREL,

FOR 1860.

CONTAINS NINE NEW AND ORIGINAL

SONGS,

MOSTLY ALL OF THEM SHOWING SOME WRONG THAT EFFECTS THE ORDER OR THE TRUE COURSE OF PROTESTANT LOYALTY TO THE BRITISH CROWN.

BY R. McBRIDE.

Let hardy tyrants of false glory dream,
Without remorse pursue their bloody scheme,
To fame forbidden tread the lawless way,
And o'er the ravaged world extend their sway:
But ages yet to come shall join the past,
And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last.

SOMERVILE.

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1860.

COME

ORANGE MINSTREL.

COME TO OUR STANDARD; OR, UNION IS STRENGTH TO OUR PROTESTANT CAUSE.

Shall my muse give a glance at days that are past,
When Protestant freedom first rung on the blast,
When William, brave William, combatted his foes,
On the broad fields of Europe with Protestant blows.

CHORUS—

So come to his standard you Protestants true,
His stand wears freedom the Orange and blue.

Our forefathers heard it and honored the name,
That broke through the mountains of torture and pain.
And sent for brave William, who took up their cause
Of true British freedom and Protestant laws.
So come to his standard, &c.

King James got the news and he fled from his throne,
For Protestant rights he was bound to disown,
With bigots from Britain, and Irish in trim,
At stout Londonderry we shortly find him.
So come to our standard, &c.

But that was a nest he could never destroy,
'Twas hopes of the nation for woe or for joy,
Till he who rules nations did send to their shore
The Dartmouth provisioned, then hunger was o'er.
So come to our standard, &c.

Oh! Protestants now what disunion prevails,
Unite 'neath the standard that Popedom assails;
We are the true watchmen that stand on a rock
Of Protestant freedom prepar'd for the shock.
So come to our standard, &c.

Our standard gave freedom, true freedom, its birth,
For Protestant freedom enlightened the earth;
Around by the Baltic to source of the Rhine,
And 'cross the Atlantic its liberties shine.
So come to our standard, &c.

Our Bible we carry, and practice its truth,
We seen it respected in days of our youth.
By all who have passed to forefathers' our graves,
Their watchward was "Freedom, no Protestant slaves!"
So come to our standard, &c.

O'er Derry it waved when our Protestant arms
Dealt death unto James and his bare-footed swarms
United they stood on that rampart of fame,
Yes proud Lodnonderry no tyrant could tame.
So come to our standard, &c.

So Union is strength to our Protestant cause,
Our password and signs are, submit to the laws
Yes Protestant laws, and no other shall be,
Obeyed by a people unconquered and free.
So come to our standard, &c.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT ILLUSTRATED.

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

A treaty has been lately made,
At Washington completed;
And honest men are much afraid
That Canada is cheated.

CHORUS:

Sing Yankee doodle, doodle do,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Sing Yankee doodle, doodle do,
Those Yankees are quite handy,

With Canada they trade their slaves,
The trade is fast increasing,
But devil's in those Yankee knaves,
Our whites are fast decreasing.
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

The colored boys once in a while
Fly from their hard task masters;
And when in Canada they smile,
Recounting past disasters.
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

When Cannucks fly to Yankee town,
And tells what has befell then,
They never smile but have a frown,
'Gainst those would buy and sell them.
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

The Yankees, they have built a road,
Rails underground they laid them,
Where crossings never incommode,
And sla.es with thanks have paid them,
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

Our Cannucks often take this road,
When inquisition hails them;
By Lawyers, Sheriff, Bailiffs' goad,
Which hunts them for to jail them.
Sing Yankee doodle &c,

The Yankees know our penal law,
But never make objection,
Which yearly from us thousands draw
Beneath their own protection.
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

These Yankees have proclaim'd aloud,
With thanks in lands forever,
That of Canadians they are proud,
For acting out so clever.
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

Like Britons, then, we'll bid adieu
To all the chains that bound us,
And Canada will surely rue
The day her mills have ground us.
Sing Yankee doodle, &c.

ON THE TRAP FOR UPPER CANADA, AS SEEN BY PROTESTANT GEORGE AND PAPIST McGEE, JOINING HANDS.

Ah, George, thy star is falling fast,
Thy star of Protestant pretention,
McGee has got thy soul at last,
And thou art on thy last declension.
No more to rise o'er British hearts,
By rebel plans their ranks to sever,
Pretenders may show loyal starts,
And thou at that has been most clever.

A coat that's turne'd was turn'd before,
It has been said should not be mended,
But should be kicked from the back-door,
You wear that coat, oh, George, befriend it.
McGee fled from his native home,
And crossed the stormy western ocean,
He came a stranger and alone
To other lands and got promotion.

In Boston he was started first,
  In Buffalo he was acknowledg'd,
He'd sink the Union if he durst;
  For rebel schools they had him colledg'd.
Yes there he show'd his rebel mind,
  Against his country and that nation,
By every word with lies combined.
  His rebel sheet kept up its station.

He fled again; left friends behind.
  I will not talk about the dollars;
But what was wanting none could find
  All's lost in high and heavy rollars.
Unto New York he did decamp,
  But there the light so much abounded.
As to put out his glimmering lamp,
  And did at last with death confound it.

Said he, "I'll move another peg,
  In Canada I'll meet some fellows,
And show the Yankee knaves my leg,
  And blow again my rebel bellows.
Yes, I will blow the Orange race,
  And send them down to hell forever,
In Derry first we seen their face,
  And yet they're stronger now than ever.

"But Geordy Brown, he is my pet,
  Altho' he says the Pope's the devil,
If I but get him in my net,
  I'll guarantee that he'll be civil.
And then to work we will begin,
  In partnership of extirpation;
George will not scold the man of sin,
  But hold me up to admiration.

You Protestants just look around,
  And think you see them at their dishes,
Each snatching like a beagle hound;
  To get your blood it is its wishes.
And papists, too, I'd have beware,
  Look to the trap that's laid before ye,
In some fell fit o' anger,
If you will enter in their snare,
  Who will to freedom back restore ye?

For old John Bull is looking on,
  His lion cur is still beside him,
He walks the earth from sun to sun;
  How dare such knaves pretend to guide him.
They never shall whil'st Derry walls,
  Show fourth a Lundy, and remember
Our father's starving dying calls,
  And we like them cry "No surrender."

ON CELEBRATION OF FIFTH NOVEMBER, BY NO. 965, WARWICK, 1859,

AIR—"MY AIN KIND DEARY, OH."

Our number is nine sixty five,
'Twas created last October, O,
Our members now begin to thrive,
All happy, brave and sober, O.
Our branch it tops the Orange tree,
Which spreads out o'er the nation, O,
It's blossoms now we plainly see,
And's budding more for creation, O.

Oh! may such branches never fade,
But always bloom and flourish O,
May those who lie beneath their shade,
Still help the tree to nourish, O.
The fifth November now has come,
And we, in peace, have met it, O.
We hear our fife, we hear our drum,
Which show we don't forget it O.

Some say our rulers serve the Pope,
And make some laws to grive us O.
But if they do—we have a hope,
That heaven will soon relieve us, O.
Some sychophants are yelling loud,
And would be benefactors O,
But now we see, such would be proud,
To be Romes mean contractors, O.

To drive us to the fire and flame
That once beset this nation, O;
There is a chieftain much to blame,
For all this sad noration, O.
But here united, we will stand,
Spite Pope and sympathizers, O,
And drive all traitors from this land,
And plotting spite contrivers, O.

He who divides our loyal ranks,
By rampant lies intending, O,
Shall in the end get little thanks,
We see how things are bending O.
So crush the monster in the bud,
For death and hell it carries O.
He'd drench this land with fire and blood;
Black venom with him tarries O,

In ninety-eight, united stood
Both Protestant and Papist, O,
'Twas said to do their country good,
But burning was the latest O.

Yes burning was the latest good.
It split their ranks asunder, O,
Whil'st Wexford bridge, all steeped in blood,
Caus'd Protestants* to wonder, O.

How they had lent a helping hand,
With blood to fill the nation, O,
As when Rome's host got the command,
The cry was extirpation, O,
So when on Howden's hill we meet,
I hope we'll guard our passes, O,
From all who show their cloven feet,
Likewise from mules and asses, O.

GREETINGS TO THE WIDDER TOWN HOUSE.

AIR—"OH, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

Kind Poet o' the Widder glens,
How weel I like tae hear thee;
Whan ye hunt rogues frae hidden dens,
My very heart loaps near thee.
For ye hae gied the pilfering race
Hard cloots beneath the lugs, man,
And then ye did it wa sic grace,
For orphans bits and rugs, man,

Lang may thy muse ower Widder hills,
Sing sweet amang the graces,
And drink frae Grecian water rills,
And watch oor courts and cases.
Division courts and a' their roots,
Are satins work, some ca' them;
And o' their fame I ne'er had doots.
Since first my een haes saw them.

The deel is surely near the judge,
The waefou judge o' Lam—n,
And gi'es his elbow' a nudge,
Whan something he is wantin'.
Unless it be auld cloot himsel',
Nae ither could advise him
Lord save us a' frae him an' hell.
And every black exciseman,

* It was Presbyterians who united with Popery at the time of the Irish Rebellion, but no Church of England Protestants. The massacre of Protestants soon turned the Presbyterians and made them loyal ever since.

He tak's frae a' their geer aboot,
The poor may yelp wae hunger,
The deel has sent him here, na doot,
In some fell fit o' anger,
Bit a' these saints that's hedged aboot,
And disna fear auld clooty,
Whan a' the poor are gane na doot.
He'll hae them for his booty.

For a' haes imps like locusts then.
Will eat up every green thing,
Trees o' the forest stump and stem,
They'll no lay ought for seething.
Oh, wad the Lord send him an' imps,
Whare'er he haes ta send them,
Fra geein' orphan's stomachs crimps,
Oor prayers wad never mend them.

O, a' the ills this land can boast,
Division courts and sweerin',
Sends mare adrift as blackened ghost,
Sae godly folks are fearin'.
Sae, friend neer stap but i' let tilt,
Against a' that deceive us.
And drive your 'elsiors tae the hilt,
Whan they get up and grieve us.

A ROYAL ARCH PURPLE MARKSMAN'S SONG, AMONGST HIS BRETHREN, AFTER COMING THROUGH THE PROSCRIPTION MILLS, IN CANADA.

You loyal and enlightened band,
Altho' your numbers may be few,
To you I stretch a brothers' hand,
In hopes to meet the same from you ;
For I have passed the desert land,
And wilds and woes in every part ;
But now in Jordan I can stand,
And view the swelling floods depart.

I've kept the ark before my eyes,
Altho' a cloud was oft between,
Those cherubims, which soaring flies,
To worlds that none but marksmen seen.
Or craftsmen on that royal road,
Where Moses made the waters flow,
From flinty rocks by Aarons rod,
And fed them mana white as snow.

When I look back to Goshen land,
Where bondage did entangle me,

I then think on that mighty hand,
  Which drownded Pharoah in the sea;
And tho' my burthen it was great,
  Yet in my mind I would compare,
And think upon King Pharoah's fate,
  And all his army drownded there.

Now since I am from trouble free,
  No more in bondage doomed to lie,
Yet, still my coffin I can see,
  By glimmering lights as I pass by;
But now for Gilgal I will tramp,
  To place my standard there I'll go,
And lodge within my brethern's camp,
  And storm the walls of Jericho.

There Brothers of our royal band,
  Unite and meet as loyal brothers,
And join each other heart and hand.
  To have their rights, and ask no others;
For love unites us to a man,
  And truth has laid her line in order,
Upon the groundwork of a plan
  Which keeps the mark free from disorder.

SYNOPSIS OF McGEE'S SPEECH ON AFFINITY BETWEEN THE IRISH AND SCOTCH, AS DELIVERED IN LONDON. AND ANSWERED BY A SCOTCHMAN.

In London you must know, not very long ago,
  McGee some strange stories was telling,
How blood ran through his veins from ancient Scottish Thanes,
  And the thought sent his bosom a swelling.

He said, the Irish celt to the Scotch a kindred felt,
  And looked unto them as unto brothers.
He'd tell of their King Coil from native Irish soil,
  But his throne had long vanished to othe·s.

But not to Bryan Borou* nor Robert Bruce it's true,
  Tho' Bryan was the father of the Bruices.
But to the Saxon race who did their kings displace,
  And loaded the poor celt with abuses.

If Irish gave Scots kings, they paid more p ecious things,
  By sending over Saints were so clever,
As to banish snakes and toads from mountain glen and roads,
  And we'll think of St. Paddy for ever.

Ere his lecture was out he told them all about,
  How his blood was the broth of the nation,
And by them joining hand, their rights they'd soon command,
  And level all Saxons in creation.

* Borou, or Borough, was changed to Bruice, in Scotland.

Such wicked selfish knaves were subjects fit for graves,
Tho' heaven it appeared did befriend them,
With their loyal and true, and their Orange and blue,
If he could to the flames he would send them.

Uniting is our plan, let's join it every man,
In brotherhood we'll have all protected,
And then you'll see in place where the Saxons you disgrace,
All your wrongs by our hands soon corrected.

Then said a canny Scot, "Man we hae na yet forgot,
Whan our Scotch in your island did settle,
It was in forty one you droon'd them in the Bann,
There Saxon and Scotch felt your mettle.

And later far than that, I'll tell ye Mr. Pat,
I was in the last Irish rebellion,
Whan the Saxon and Scot were baith burned, pik'd, and shot,
And you celts like black Demons were yelling.

"Sae quat your rebel glab you'll na play sic a bab.
As gar us cut the throats o' oor bairns,
For what haes been before, is noo again in store,
Sae awa' wae your celtic blid and yairns."

ON D. McGEE'S LATE MOTION IN PARLIAMENT, &c.—SESSION 1860.

TUNE—"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."

When Parliament met in our Parliament House,
McGee went a hunting as if for a louse,
He thought he felt something that could not be seen,
And then went a scolding our protestant Queen.

And likewise her son he was in for a share,
Of something connected with his hidden ware.
Thus, this blasted mortal could not be at rest,
But said that Sir Edmund encouraged his pest.

When Darby had lost what his fingers begun,
He then called aloud for his old-fashioned gun,
To shoot treason missiles at Orangemen's heads,
But they were not sleeping nor yet in their beds.

For up got brave Gowan prepared for the fight,
And threw back his missiles and pitch them in right,
Which blew up his vermin, though some he could spare,
Unless a few grits that he had sheltered there.

Thus Gowan supports both our cause and the Crown,
'Gainst all who dare pull them or Orangmen down,
Whilst Darby keeps scratching his old poison sore,
And will till his treason drives him from our shore.

Our Government stood to encourage the fun,
And watched the report of each telling big gun,
Till all that were standing of Grits and alive,
By acts of proscription were these twenty-five.

York, Wilson, and Foley, from Simcoe, stood fast,
With chain's of proscription that Grit founders cast,
By Globe's furnace factors, whilst Brown, like a God,
Kept close by the bellows still waving his rod.

The whole of these worthies, with Biggar, from Brant,
And Cornwall Macdonald, and Powell so gaunt;
McDougall, from Oxford, and Cook, from Dundas,
And Patrick, from Greenville, among them I'll class.

Dorland comes next, with Northumberland Clark;
Burwell, of Elgin, and Bell from Lanark;
And Connor, from Oxford, and Gould from the wave,*
And Wellington Ross, as if fled from the grave.

Then Stormont Mattice, with Munroe, from the West;
Wellington Stirton, with Haldimand's pest;
Glengary McDonald, and Wright, from East York—
All threw off their coats for this paddy from Cork.

To make up their number was Lambton's old coon,
Perhaps he will next go to hunt in the moon.
This ended the farce, with a noise from the rats
That ran from the cupboard—no doubt they saw cats.

Long live honoured Gowan, and Daly from Perth,
And sixty-five others with pleasure on earth;
And likewise the French, with more credit by far
Than twenty-five Grits who encountered the war.

ON THE MURDER OF JAMES CAMPBELL BY THE ONEIDA PAPISTS, JULY 12, 1851.

TUNE—"OUR COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR."

Shall jesuits rule this favored land,
By Priestcraft wide extending?
Shall they our courts of law command
Where life and death are pending?
Do Protestants with knaves combine
To echo Papish thunder,
Around this land such lightning shine,
Which fills us all with wonder?

'Twas in the year of fifty-one,
Near Boston creek did rally
Oneida papists to a man,
To murder in that valley;

* Ontario.

With hoes and guns they took their way,
By stealth the bush surrounding;
And kill'd James Campbell on that day—
The deed was most astounding.

For he had been the day before,
To give them his assistance,
And now his brains lay scattered o'er
Without the least resistance.
They shot his brother Edward, too,
Poor Marshal's scull they shattered,
And other four I tell to you
Were sorely cut and battered.

For seventeen were warrants out,
The number I remember,
And thirty more lay round about,
Or fled till next November.
This case was tried at Hamilton;
Sanfield Macdonald pled it;
Our rulers sent him there to pun,
For papists had them wedded.

We wanted him to quit the case,
As we had got another;
With lies combined he took his place,
And justice he did smother;
He said in court he quit the Pope,
When first he quit his father,
And in the Bible lay his hope—
All blasted lies together.

Honoured Cameron, I will say,
Long may he live in splendor,
To plead for rights of't cast away,
And still cry no surrender.
He would have pled our murdered case,
Against those blood transgressors;
But Sandfield would not leave the place—
He's one of Rome's confessors.

Will we support to power and place
Those Protestants who grieve us,
By courting Rome in every case;
We know those that deceive us
Such barter all our rights with Rome—
Rights of the reformation—
Once settled by King William's throne,
Now's lost in legislation.

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* A number of these presumed murderers—10 or 12—have met with fearful and sudden deaths since this murder. I will just name one, Brophy, who, 3 years afterwards, on the 11th of July, at dinner, was swearing what he would do next day to Orangemen—he was a sawyer—and on going in to the mill was cut in two by a circular. This tallies well with the fate of Carigan's murderers.